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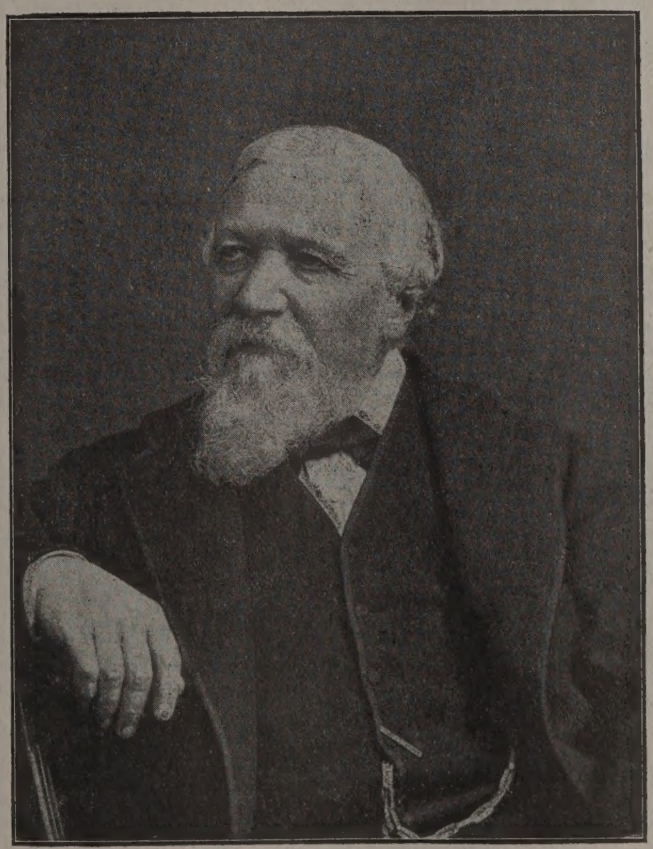
UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion



ROBERT BROWNING.
May 7, 1812—May 7, 1912.

CONTENTS

"Nothing But a Poet."—*William C. Gannett* 147

EDITORIAL—
Notes 147
Robert Browning 148
College Redemption 149
"Good-bye, Old World; I'm Going Home"—Edwin Alfred Rumball 151
Apparitions—Robert Browning 151
Rev. Thomas Grafton Owen.—Frank A. Gilmore.. 151

THE PULPIT—
Opportunities for Leadership Through the Rural and Village Churches.—Rev. Quincy L. Dowd.. 153
More Friends for the Negro.—Celia Parker Woolley 156
Summer Reading.—E. P. Powell 156

THE FIELD—
What the Public School Men Can Do 157

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXIX. THURSDAY, MAY 9, 1912. NUMBER 10.

'NOTHING BUT A POET'

"He sat and talked of his own early life and aspirations; how he marvelled, as he looked back, at the audacious obstinacy which had made him, when a youth, determine to be a poet and nothing but a poet.—Edmund Gosse on Robert Browning.

'Nothing but a poet!' So he said, and wondered
At the sole persistence of his years.
Laughing world, you'll know it, now that, silence-sundered,
He is in the welcome of his peers.

What said Milton to him, what said Keats and Shakespeare?
O, to see the smile on Dante's face!
Catch the great Greek, *Xaipe*, hear the 'bronze throat' hail him,
'Browning's come among us,—give him place!'

'Nothing but a poet,' singing songs of soul-growth,
Splendor in the pain-throb, rise in fall,
'Saul the failure' in us re-creating kingly,—
Songs one surge of morning! That was all!

Browning Commemoration, 1890. —*William C. Gannett.*

A reporter in the *Christian Register* says that Unitarians stand third in number at Bryn Mawr College. This must be startling, if not somewhat alarming news to those who have felt that a hopeless minority was presumably a guarantee for purity and excellency in their religious faith. Bryn Mawr College is in danger of becoming unpopular by such an announcement. Perhaps the Unitarians are in danger of becoming inefficient by such encouragement.

The *Universalist Leader* says: "The minister who coarsens his speech that he may get nearer men, thereby opens a gulf he may never hope to close." We know of ministers who have learned to smoke in order that they might have "freer communion with their men." We have heard of ministers' wives who have joined bridge whist parties in order that they might have more influence over the women in the parish. The record tells of one eminent Teacher in morals and religion who was wont to dine with "publicans and sinners," but he does not seem to have made them any more comfortable for his presence or increased his power by a concession to their vices.

The playground activity has assumed such dignity that it puts forth an organ of its own, entitled, *The Playground*, published monthly at 1 Madison avenue, New York City. The May number before us contains an exhaustive recreation survey of Milwaukee. It is replete with figures showing the density of population, and the provision for recreation made for the same. The question of salaries, the relative attention given to boys and girls, the various games, dance halls, dance academies, etc., etc., are discussed. There is a "Milwaukee Program" here, the "Next Steps to be Taken," etc. In short, this number is a little encyclopedia on the recreation business, and is well worth sending for that it may receive a close study on the part of teachers, parents, and preachers.

One of the leaflets put forth by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, 20 Vesey street, New York, contains an address which sets forth the "Views of a Southern Woman," Miss Adelene Moffat, a woman who, having been brought up in the South, living the latter part of her life in the North, finds herself a Northerner in the South and a Southerner in the North. Her words carry special significance, having beaten out her conclusions by personal experience from the remote and oftentimes too readily assumed antagonistic standpoints. For this reason, as well as for its own intrinsic sense, we make room for the following extract from this leaflet:

"The responsibility for race discrimination, whatever the race discriminated against, seems to lie largely upon people who do not hold themselves responsible and who can hardly be held responsible except through an enlightened public conscience—that is to say, the ordinary citizen going about his business or pleasure. A very large responsibility rests upon all agencies for social uplift. If they do not take the right stand it is hard to expect individuals here and there to do so. The encouraging aspect of the matter is that the difficulties are usually much more imagined than real, and this will be realized sooner or later.

"When one looks at what the Negro has accomplished in a generation since the war, when one considers the amount of education he has been able to acquire, the amount of his savings and his investments, when one catches in the literature of his race the strong, clear note of a rising people, a people meaning to rise to the highest American ideals (they know no other), it seems to be no longer a question of the education of the black, but of the education of the educated whites."

Samuel M. Crothers, in a recent number of the *Christian Register*, under the title of "Our Own People," touches in his own inimitable way, the latent selfishness and conservative hindrances that lurk under the specious claims of obligations and loyalties to "one's own." How many mothers shut their hearts to the cries of the pleading child because they must guard their own from the pain pang! How many homes are so devoted to their own needs and ambi-

tions that homeless neighbors go without the fellowship they need and are entitled to! How many churches are so preoccupied with their own lives, the interest on the mortgage, or the "new church" fund, that they chill the community they ought to inspire? How many denominations are so preoccupied with their own missionary duties and collections that they have no energy left to take a place in the longer line of the Christian world! And how preoccupied is Christianity, Judaism, Mohammedanism, and what-not, with their own propaganda that they fail to catch the universal notes in all these, to cheer and emphasize the same! Surely, love often shelters much selfishness, and the love that does not expand, is not diffusive, deserves a poorer word, for in every case a self-limiting love is a hurting love. The over-loved child is orphaned as surely as the neglected child, and the over-fostered home is but a hermit's shelter.

In answer to the question in the *Christian Register*, "Is Socialism Making Good?" the Rev. Charles L. Smith reports for Butte, Mont., which city has a socialist mayor, the Rev. J. L. Duncan, well known to the earlier readers of UNITY, and the Rev. W. F. Greenman, answers for Milwaukee, where the socialist city administration has but recently been deposed. At Butte we are told the saloon element will render no support to Mayor Duncan; but on the other hand, "many members of the Catholic Church in Butte are inclined to socialism; especially is this so among the miners." This must be painful news if it ever reaches the ear of the Pope of Rome, whose infallibility has been foolish enough to make socialism an ecclesiastic offense. In Milwaukee, Mr. Greenman, who is pastor of the Unitarian Church of that city, counts six points in favor of the administration, namely: It has been absolutely honest; it has shrewdly sought the counsel of experts in various fields; the idealists gave a city administration that cost more money, but the city received the worth of its money; the doctrinaire character of socialism was considerably modified in the presence of heavy responsibilities; the leaders have great capacity for collective action, and lastly, the group was made up of very able men from every walk of life. There were too few lawyers, a few doctors, several very efficient ex-ministers, but mostly drawn from the wage-earning class. It is evident that Mr. Smith and Mr. Greenman speak as outsiders who are studying the movement without prejudice and with an open mind.

Chicago is in the thrall of another labor strike, touching the city in one of its most sensitive points. For what is breakfast to a city man without his morning paper, and we suspect that even the cigar loses a large part of its charm when unaccompanied by the current news. For three or four days, the great morning dailies were practically out of service. The skeleton four-page sheet issued was evidently a desperate effort to keep up appearances. But on Monday last, the morning dailies appeared in their usual form. The point at issue is so buried in technicalities, charge and counter charge, that the untrained mind is simply incompetent to come to a conclusion as to where the rights lie. It is safe to assume that however simple it may have been at the start, it has promptly assumed such complexities that the solution can never be other than a matter of compromise and adjustment. When the quarrel is on between such mighty forces as a great aggregation of labor on the one hand and of capital on the other, there is no way of settling it other than the way quarrels between individuals are settled. Not by "fighting it out on the street," but by haling the combatants into court, compelling them to present their case and to abide by the decision. In the case of individuals, either party can force the other into court, and if neither are willing to submit to such an arbitrament, then the third party, always the party most concerned—the public, the state, can take the initiative in the interest of public weal. Something like that must obtain in the fully developed state. The great non-personal interests represented by the combinations of capital on the one hand and the labor unions on the other, which are a by-product of such combinations, have come into being so recently that constitutional and statutory provision for the same have not yet been adequately formulated. But an open quarrel is as great a disgrace between corporate units as between individuals, and public condemnation should be directed against the quarrel long before it is qualified to decide on the merits of the case. Enough for the public to know that a quarrel exists, the merits of which the uninitiated is incompetent to pass upon, and it becomes its part to demand the trial. All large strikes are settled by some form of adjudication, and generally in response to pressure brought upon the pugilistic parties from the outside. Why not secure the pacification at the near end rather than at the far end of the agony.

Robert Browning

One hundred years ago, on the 7th of May, 1812, was born into a quiet but notable home in the obscure and the unfashionable suburb of London, Camberwell, Robert Browning, who from his cradle was marked with genius. The neighbors complained at the primary school that the teacher was neglecting their children in her absorbing interest in the bright little Robert. He never knew when he was not enraptured of poetry. Child as he was, he became intoxicated with the lines of Shelley, and before he was twelve years of age, he had a manuscript volume of

poems entitled, "Incondita." He was early enamored of music, poetry, and art. His father offered him a choice between leisure and culture, and no prospect of wealth, or a business training with the prospect of wealth. He unhesitatingly chose the former.

Robert Browning was from the beginning an independent. Some of his childish productions were shown to Thomas Fox, the liberal publicist and Unitarian minister, and to his friend and co-laborer, Sarah Flower, who subsequently became Sarah Flower Adams, the author of "Nearer My God to Thee." These radicals foresaw the coming of a poet, and awaited the rising of this star, and were among the first to recognize and hail its appearance. It was the radicalism, the independence, the newness of Robert Browning's creation that made him, at first incomprehensible to the multitude, seem ridiculous to the unillumined. But genius has always had to wait. The highest geniuses have always cheerfully waited, for the ages are back of them and the endless future is before them.

There was a time within the memory of those now living when Browning's poetry seemed to breed a cult, rimmed with mystery and affectation, but now Robert Browning has a master's place on the shelf with other masters. He has ceased to be a literary achievement and has come to be a spiritual resource, a life encouragement, an intellectual corrective, and confused wayfarers take their bearings, correct their aberrations by Robert Browning as mariners take their beaings by the stars and direct their ship accordingly.

Robert Browning has made convincing the primal definition of a poet as a maker, a creator of fresh ideals, or unique groupings of old ones. He was great in his intimate acquaintance with human nature reaching from Ned Bratts, the criminal brought to contrition by the preaching of John Bunyan, to Pope Innocent XII, who rose above his office, became bigger and higher than the papacy he honored. Robert Browning was a devotee who carried others with him in his devotions until the last of life grew glorious with Rabbi Ben Ezra and the whole round of creation testified to God as in "Saul."

Robert Browning's life was as sweet, varied, and elastic as his poetry. He sang the love songs of the mature. The post-nuptial felicity and the beautiful one life of two souls so distinct was realized by Robert and Elizabeth Browning, exemplified the incomparable love poetry they wrote.

The centennial of Robert Browning is not a thing of a day. It cannot be adequately celebrated by a night's program, though the day should not go unheeded. This is the *centennial year* of Robert Browning, and it is not yet too late for the students who have loved Browning and profited by the impetus the day has given them to make preparation for a more deliberate study that will be possible when the study season begins next fall, in preparation for which the vacation leisure may be utilized.

The Browning centenary was celebrated as it should be in the Gannett House in connection with the Unitarian Church of that city by a week's work. On May 4, "Balaustion's Adventure" was interpreted with comment, songs, and readings by Profs. J. H. Gilmore and J. P. O'Hern. The next evening seems to be Woman's Night. "The Poet Lovers," by Mrs. M. T. L. Gannett; "Pompilia," by Mrs. J. M. Ingersoll; "The Man of Full Assurance," by Mrs. Frances W. Wile. On May 7, the birthday proper in the Presbyterian Church, President Rush Rhees, of Rochester University, presiding. Rev. Harvey Clements, on "Browning's Vision of Human Destiny"; Prof. J. R. Slater, on "The Glory of the Imperfect"; Dr. C. C. Albertson, on "Browning's Witness to the Great Affirmations of Religion," and there were musical interpretations of "Abt Vogler" and "Rabbi Ben Ezra."

In Chicago, there was an informal reunion at the Lincoln Centre on May 7. Preparations are in hand for a more pretentious and adequate celebration on the 27th of May in the Orchestra Hall downtown, and a deliberate program is being developed for a Browning class next fall at the Lincoln Centre, all of which will be further reported in these columns.

Meanwhile UNITY lays its sprig of laurel on the altar dedicated to the memory of the man who has stimulated the intellect, clarified the heart, steadied the wavering wills of so many thousands, and perhaps higher than all this has taught so many to find social communion and co-operative life on the higher altitudes of the spirit, on the uplands of faith and along the climbing paths of morals.

College Redemption

Ripon College, in Wisconsin, has been one of the much neglected and too much despised "small colleges" that has been disposed of by the high-browed academician, as of the "fresh water" type. But notwithstanding perpetual impecuniosity, and for many years a somewhat "blue" atmosphere, a theological emphasis that would ward off the writer, it has kept steadily on at its work, carrying college privileges to hundreds of rural and rustic boys and girls, who otherwise would have had to live their lives out without the inspirations, the blessed associations, and the increased efficiency incident to a college course. Ripon College has been old-fashioned enough to still inspire young men to the ministry and to the missionary fields. It has sent out a long line of effective teachers, both men and women, and its alumni list has a fair proportion of those who have won eminence in all the professions and who have received deserved honors at the hands of the state and in the realm of business.

One of its own graduates, one of the many Wisconsin Welsh boys drawn to Ripon because of its nearness and its cheapness, is now the head of the institution. Dr. Silas Evans has come to the presidency by the way of the pulpit and he has brought into the administration a degree of Celtic fervor and good Welsh morality and old-fashioned piety, that has brought trouble on to the campus, and for the moment an undesirable notoriety to Ripon College.

Some of its athletes who were winning fame for the college on the gridiron were guilty of a case of plain "drunk" and they were dismissed from college, and as we read between the lines, there were protests on the part of the students, and some of the citizens; part of the protest was not so much on behalf of the drinking students as on behalf of the menaced "team," but the president was inflexible, and nothing so serious happened as the newspapers report. There was no "wholesale strike" on the part of the students. One Chicago newspaper announced in its telegraph columns that two hundred and fifty students had left the school. Probably there were not that many students to leave. As a matter of fact, all the machinery of the institution has been working unimpaired, but it has brought the trustees and faculty face to face with a problem that confronts every institution of higher learning in the land, and this rustic college has set a pace which the more pretentious institutions of the higher learning may well take note of. President Evans has announced a forward step, sanctioned by the trustees and accepted with enthusiasm with practical unanimity by the student body. The administration declares the following policy:

1. Strong emphasis upon scholarship as the leading feature of college life.

2. Insistence upon fundamental morality as an essential mark of culture.

3. The maintenance of a standard of efficiency without compromising to a mere zeal for numbers.

4. A curriculum which, while giving opportunity for electives, yet presents the fundamental courses.

5. A rededication of the faculty to their mission as teachers, not attempting to do the work of post-graduate institutions.

As it looks at this distance, this is simply a case of backbone which is needed in the administration of many colleges. Sophomoric enthusiasm, undergraduate love of fun, and the easy indulgence that follows the sporting spirit, which enshrouds the triumph of the athletic field with slang, profanity, gambling—soften the word into "betting" if you choose, the whole made artistic and "liberal" with cigarette smoke, beer mugs, and high-balls—are not wise elements in a college administration. We do not believe that these things are the inevitable attendants of an educational instituion. We do not believe that college presidents, faculties, and boards of trustees, need to be intimidated by the coarser and more lawless elements in the student body. We do not believe that the higher education demands that a young man's path be set with subtle and peculiar temptations who seeks the classic walks of a college campus. We are glad to know that Ripon College is receiving the encouragement it merits in this manly stand. Forty-five thousand dollars additional revenue has been provided for to meet the present exigencies, and one hundred thousand dollars has already been assured looking toward the doubling of its endowment.

If any of our readers would like to know more of Ripon College's contribution to current college politics, they will do well to send for *Ripon College Days* for March 14, 1912, which contains a statement by President Evans, and sets forth the present policy of the institution—the "Three Essentials" which the college stands for, namely, Scholarship, Morality, and Control. The president closed with a frank appeal to the students in chapel assembled, with the words: "Then quietly but firmly I want you to understand that anything savoring of insurrection is absolutely futile. And now, my friends, you attend to your studies and we will run the institution."

This reminds us of a story told of the great Horace Mann, the prophet of the American schoolroom, by one who in maturity became a notable man in his city and in his state, a loyal trustee of his alma mater, one whose heart was filled with unmeasured gratitude and love for his great master. When a callow freshman, he in common with other youths, was summoned for some flagrant violation of the ethics of Antioch College. The young man in his impudence, thinking the question was closed, and impatient with the prolongation of the agony, said: "But Mr. President, the thing is done and I don't see what you can do about it anyway." Whereupon the mighty president seeming to grow in stature, as his spiritual dignity asserted itself, replied: "What can I do about it! I'll tell you what I can do about it, young man! I can *send you boys home,* that's what I can do." And that's what he did. It was confessedly the most effective president's speech those young men ever listened to, as at least one of them, with tender voice and tear-dimmed eyes loved to testify. There are many colleges in the land which can increase their efficiency, reassure their friends, win the higher loyalty of the student body by occasionally sending some of those who bring scandal to the campus, defiance to morality, and impudence to the faculty, home.

If I stoop
Into a dark tremendous sea of cloud,
It is but for a time; I press God's lamp
Close to my breast; its splendor, soon or late,
Will pierce the gloom: I shall emerge one day.
—*Paracelsus.*

"Good-Bye, Old World; I'm Going Home"

Means of Transportation.

Social other-worldliness has become in the lives of some as evil a thing as religious other-worldliness became in the lives of our grandfathers. Our forbears used to sit and sing themselves away to everlasting bliss,—so modern ministers say,—and today we have those who stand and talk themselves away to everlasting brotherhood, when capitalism will be no more. They have staked out their claim in that better land and have no patience with dilly-dallying reformers who only want to make the present land better. They will smash the present scheme of things entire to remould it nearer to the heart's desire, and then they wake up and find that they have nothing to build with. They are going home, but have no car-fare. Sometimes, only sometimes, may it not be that means of transportation is as important as the place to which we would go? Let me illustrate. When I was up in the North and had to forget some of my landlubber accomplishments and learn a few of the ways of those who go down to the sea in ships, it was necessary among other things to learn how to row a dory on the Atlantic. This learned, it was needful to be able to row that dory towards a schooner and be able to climb up the sides without getting wet. It is of course a very easy task on the village mill pond, but it is no joke to grasp the sides of the schooner and climb up, for at the first try, you feel the dory parting from you and soon you are stretched between heaven and earth, no, nothing as firm as that, between skies and sea, with finger-tips clinging for life to the sides of the schooner and toe-tips holding on to the dory. You soon learn if you are spared that it is as important to firmly have your legs in the dory as to have your hands grasping the sides of the schooner that you would board. It is a perfect picture of some prophet-souls: their hands grasp the schooner of the *future*, but they have forgotten to use their legs. These must stand firm in the dory of the *present*. The more you pull on the schooner of the future, the less you may have to stand on, and he is a wise man who lets go the future when it has reached the finger-tip and toe-tip stage, in order to board his vessel more wisely. Better wait and earn some car-fare, before going home.

EDWIN ALFRED RUMBALL.

APPARITIONS.

Such a starved bank of moss
  Till, that May-morn,
Blue ran the flash across:
  Violets were born!

Sky—what a scowl of cloud
  Till, near and far,
Ray on ray split the shroud:
  Splendid, a star!

World—how it walled about
  Life with disgrace,
Till God's own smile came out:

Rev. Thomas Grafton Owen

In Memoriam.

Mr. Owen was born eighty-two years ago in Ohio. His father was a Baptist preacher, which accounts for the "often journeyings" of the family from place to place—into Indiana, Illinois and finally Missouri. He was ordained and began preaching in the Methodist denomination; at first in St. Louis and then in the far southwestern part of the state. His abolition sympathies brought him into suspicion and at last he was condemned to death by the vigilance committee. The head of that committee came by night to warn him and he fled from the state with his young wife. This was in 1858. He then lectured in Michigan, Illinois and Ohio on "Moral Conditions on the Border." He entered into the work of army nursing and relief at the outbreak of the war and continued till near its close.

He took up the ministry again, preaching for some years in Congregational churches. At one time he was settled in Peoria, Illinois; he came to Trempeleau, Wisconsin, on the Mississippi river, and preached in the Congregational church till 1884. He then removed to Arcadia, Wisconsin, and started a People's Church. It was at this time that he first learned of the Unitarians, and after a visit to Rev. Joseph Henry Crooker at Madison entered into fellowship with the Unitarian body; he continued this relation, working under the direction and aided by the missionary funds of the American Unitarian Association, till about ten years ago when the weakness of advancing age compelled him to cease. He died at Trempeleau, Wisconsin, April 26, 1912, at the home of Dr. Ebin Pierce, a long-time friend. The seven years prior to his death he had lived in the home of his daughter, Mrs. Earl Hensel, Whitehall, Wisconsin.

The funeral took place Sunday, April 28, from the Congregational Church at Trempeleau. The small edifice was crowded and overflowing with friends. A special train brought people from Arcadia, Whitehall, Alma and Neilsville. The services were conducted by Rev. Frank A. Gilmore of Madison, assisted by Rev. Mr. Breeze of the local church. The Masonic Lodge then took charge and conveyed the casket to the cemetery, a quiet and beautiful place one mile from town, where the body now rests by the side of his wife Maggie. Mr. Owen is survived by six children: Mrs. Atchinson, of Seattle, Washington; Mrs. L. M. Parsons, of Vancouver, B. C.; Mrs. John Tainsh of Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Earl Hensel of Whitehall, Wis.; Asa K. Owen of Phillips, Wis., and Miss Olive Owen, of Whitehall, Wis. It is impossible to convey any adequate idea of Mr. Owen's personality to one who did not know him while living.

The following is an outline of the address given at his funeral:

We think of him first as a preacher. He grew naturally out of the creeds of his childhood and early manhood, but was never a bitter critic of the older faith. He appreciated its power and in his book has testified to the virtues of the rude, uncultivated border exhorter. "Blessings on the old

disturbed by the hoot of the owl and the howl of the wolf. He did the best he could. My heart grows strangely warm as I gaze back across the years to the old log meeting house where father and mother sat on the slab benches." As a preacher feeling predominated in him—sensitiveness to beauty and good and their opposites. The sufferings of the innocent, a sick baby, a wounded bird put him in misery. This influenced his theology and led him forward into the more genial and hopeful faith of liberalism. "What sort of a God is it who would build a hell for little babies?" he asks. He came to believe that God had made his own heart and that this was a truer revelation than the old and harsh creeds. So he lived and preached a cheerful, sunny faith. Trust God for all; life is good, death is good—joy is good and so is sorrow. It is good to be young and it is good to grow old, decay and die. Death is a wise ordinance; not the end of our existence but the transition to a higher and fuller life. He writes in one of his poems:

They are not dead
They've only sailed
Beyond life's narrow harbor bar;
Gone, smitten by a greater light,
As dawn's sweet breath blows out a star.

Many hearts have been helped and healed by his message of sanity and cheer. This is doubtless the greatest service he has rendered to his fellows. He was always something of a naturalist. His scientific interest led him to familiarize himself with the main results in the field of astronomy, geology, chemistry and physics, and he used illustrations from these in his sermons. He had great admiration for Darwin, whose theory of evolution combined with the spiritual philosophy of Emerson gave him a view of the universe as a whole everywhere pervaded by law, whose purpose is not yet complete. It is fitting also to say a word of him as a man of letters. What he desired to have preserved of his writings have been published under the title "Drippings from the Eaves." It is marked by originality and humor. The fault, almost the vice of modern literary style is the way it is pruned and polished to make it conform to a type. Cleverness we have but not force and power—but cleverness makes a book salable. Mr. Owen sought for none of this. "My book," he said, "is to be read with the heart rather than with the eyes." His originality is evident in the homely, quaint and telling illustrations and comparisons which abound in the book. A society woman "walks like an angel with a wooden leg." Christians hate and damn each other as cheerfully and regularly "as if they were drawing a salary."

His humor bears a strong resemblance to that of Mark Twain, of whose books he was very fond—a genial, kindly humor which laughs with people and not at them, as when he imagines himself entering heaven and being mistaken for Dean Fenn of the Harvard Divinity School!

Many of his most intimate friends would speak of him as a poet, and they would be right. He might have applied to himself the words of Emerson, "I am no poet but all that is in me is poetic." He possessed the feeling and imagination of a poet, also he had the poet's "seeing eye" and gift of expression. In a sermon he once wrote:

"There are other and higher relations of the rose than absorbing poison carbonic gas. The flower reaches its highest relations when it ministers to man's spiritual nature and compels him to forget its chemistry."

There are many poems in "Drippings from the Eaves;" perhaps the best one is the "Sun of October":

Sun of October,
Sun of the dreamy, mellow skies,
Sun of the golden rod and soft blue haze—
Shine on the distant hills like a soul at rest,
And pour thy amber wine on field and forest,
And through all the deeps of sylvan shades
Bend low and kiss her grave.

There are three other verses of equal merit, but this one will show that he did not lack something of the divine fire.

And finally he may be remembered as a seer or member of the guild of wise men—a maker of maxims and quotable phases which will long be repeated by his friends. He had lived long enough and seen far enough into life to distinguish between knowledge and wisdom. As an instance, he tells of the Indian custom of training birds to sing and then taking them to the graves where, after kissing them and telling them messages to be borne to their departed friends they set them free and watched them fly out of sight; and when they returned and sang their songs about the village, this was the answer to their message. Then after remarking that we call these people barbarians, he asks quietly: "Who are the barbarians anyhow?"

He taught that a true life was one lived in harmony with nature and her laws, exactly the view of the wise men of Greece.

Mr. Owen had the power of impressing himself upon the young; of awaking in them their highest powers. Many men and women now occupying important positions in life and living far away from the quiet Wisconsin valley, will rise up and bless his name.

His book was printed about a year ago, and gave him great satisfaction. Copies may be obtained by writing to Mr. Earl Hensel at Whitehall, Wisconsin.

Madison, Wis. FRANK A. GILMORE.

Two boys went to gather grapes. One was happy because they found grapes. The other was unhappy because the grapes had seeds in them.

Two men, being convalescent, were asked how they were. One said: "I am better today." The other said: "I was worse yesterday."

When it rains, one man says: "This will make mud;" another: "This will lay the dust."

Two boys examined a bush. One observed that it had a thorn; the other, that it had a rose.

Two children were looking through colored glasses. One said: "The world is blue," and the other said: "It is bright."

Two boys, having a bee, one got honey, the other got stung. The first called it a honey bee; the other, a stinging bee.

"I am glad that I live," says one man. "I am sorry that I must die," says another.

"I am glad," said one, "that it is no worse." "I am sorry," says another, "that it is no better."

One says: "Our good is mixed with evil." Another says: "Our evil is mixed with good."—*Selected.*

THE PULPIT

Opportunities for Leadership Through the Rural and Village Churches

A Paper Read Before the Section of Rural Life and Church Leadership of the Religious Education Association at St. Louis, March 12, 1912, by Rev. Quincy L. Dowd, of Roscoe, Illinois.

Isaiah 55:4: *"Behold, I have given him for a witness to the peoples, a leader and commander to the peoples."*

So Jehovah promised and so it comes true always.

The time was in America a century or so ago, when 'sweet life in the country" was also a great, high-minded life. A country hill town such as Litchfield, Conn., had its great preacher and theologian, its great judge and law school, its first-class private academy, and, what must have gone with these, its notably intelligent farmer population. If we of today perform our part, the time shall be again when the church and its rural community will combine to produce the happiest, most prosperous and generally cultured house-holds to be found anywhere. The general lack in countryside places is initiative and leadership through the church along the lines of high-grade religious education and church progress, for advances in community welfare and integration to start efforts to introduce team play between village and rural people. Yet how otherwise shall we make the most and best of all natural resources and forces at hand? Here is the church's opportunity and duty. Observation shows that it is the rare thing to discover a farmer, a tradesman, a shopman, or even a lawyer or doctor of school teacher, who develops community leadership. Few have prophetic vision to initiate movements for improved ways of living out in the country. Wherever such movements arise let it be said with becoming reserve and modesty, it is the minister who gets before the cart or else pushes behind. No need for apology in his forwardness, since it is getting to be expected that the rural parson and his parish will make good in more senses than one. The institutional or communal church now has its innings. The minister is manager of the games. Not alone is he to preach sermons, to hold church and cottage prayer meetings, to extend ministerial services out into district-school neighborhoods, but even more is now looked for in his six days-of-the-week campaign to do all manner of good for all manner of people, else he cannot face the Great Team-master's eye.

Now-a-days, therefore, opportunities for leadership through the rural church are almost equal in demands to what pioneering in the early settlement period afforded, for the new country life condtions and country church claims are, so to speak, the present day minister's virgin soil to break and crop. To my mind certain things are indispensible to a country parson's make-up and frame of mind. Per-at hand? Here is the church's opportunity and haps at the outset it is needful to define the rural and village church. It is located out in the midst of farms and its cluster of small district schools, also there are churches placed in village and towns which depend largely on the country around for trade, for social intercourse and the make-up of Sunday congregations. The rural parson fit for his field magnifies his office to cover as much territory and to serve as many people as he can handle.

The Rural Minister.

1. The minister who seeks and would gain leadership through a rural church makes a country pastorate his positive choice. He plans to stay on his field a fair term of years, or for life and during good behavior. He is out in the country where people live, where they die and are buried. His to cast in his lot with theirs first and last. Besides he must stay on if he is to see any program started and taken to the finish. Rotation of crops, he learns, is essential to right farming: but rotation of farmers, and teachers, and ministers is no good.

2. The minister's first opportunity is to assume that he has leadership in the community. He keeps this fact foremost in his mind. His the leadership of service. Also he measures his church by this rule, realizing that the church has its ministry, like Jesus' own, to be servant of all men in all possible ways. Who shall limit the opportunities of a man called to act as pastor, the shepherd to lead his flock? That old-time title "parson" means the person of the locality, hence he is not over-bold when he heads any movement to set things forward.

3. The rural pastor's opportunity to be a religious and social leader, makes him a man of the people. He starts out to get acquainted with people that he may know all their public and social forms of activity. It would be a phenomenal fact, did his church always catch on to such a ministerial program, or even show sympathy with it. More than likely it will be whispered around, "We never heard of the like! It was never done so here before." "This is a peculiar place; our people have their ways of things." "Such new-fangled ideas and doings won't suit here." But the present type of country pastor goes on his quiet, busy way to learn what is to be learned about his parish from A to Z. To this end he maps out a thorough local survey. He is the first moral and social surveyor his community has ever known, and to them his chart-and-compass style of getting at community facts has a queer, perhaps, forbidding look. While in general characteristics farming communities are much alike, still differences between various localities are so many and vital that an expert survey is invaluable enabling a minister to have in hand a chart of positive forces. He has mapped the constructive and destructive agencies, he in the midst of and is a part of, willy-nilly. His road-map may show where scientific road-engineering is needed. Not that he is a meddler in other men's matters, but he puts himself in a position to be their helper and counsellor as wanted. He learns, too, what his various families are reading, what papers, magazines and books are their mental pabulum. He finds out about the clubs, the Grange and other organizations to know which of his families have members in them.

A chief service of the new-style rural minister is his visitation of the village and district schools for miles around, aiming to encourage the teachers,

to stimulate school-patrons, to take interest in their children's schooling, and to be on speaking terms with every youngster of the town.

4. All this is preliminary. Meanwhile, be the period long or brief, this parish-surveyor is biding his time looking for his first opportunity at a strong initiative. It takes high strategy to inaugurate real leadership whereby to benefit the community at large. He wants to get his church out onto its fields. There's no telling in advance just what form a promising attempt at leading the people will take. We must discover an actual, live need, perhaps one long felt by some alert spirits in the community; or he creates the want to which quick response is ready; likely it will be a definite idea and initiative suited to all the young people, e. g., a singing class with the prospect ahead of a new impetus to church worship. No matter what, so that it is good in itself and takes the people along to make it a mass-movement that gets a'going. This mass-movement in a rural region counts for everything, though it be but a baseball team. Anything better than stagnation and social damnation. Once get some community momentum, then the wise, successful leader is able to feel his way ahead and to try the next thing on his thought-out-program. He estimates the ability and preparedness of his people to a nicety.

The Rural Church and Community.

5. And now as to the community in which a church represents the Kingdom of God in miniature. How shall the church act as a lump of leaven leavening the entire mass? All depends on what church leadership sees to be the necessities of its locality, therefore the growing opportunities for country life leadership. He senses the improvements which are fundamental to success and satisfaction of human living in the country or elsewhere. Material prosperity, fair homes and conveniences for going and coming, these are among the requisites of rural progress and church growth. Say nothing now of the people themselves, their church, too, must have sufficient resources for public service. Its work has to be properly financed. This calls for a large body of well-to-do, intelligent, moral families, who plan first of all for a church-center. They regard religion as the prime essential to their families' welfare. Therefore, one phase of a minister's leadership through his church is to fit himself, to seek the material good of his parish. His prayer continually will be, "Send now prosperity, O Lord!"

Just as the farmer's income, and therefore the means to support his church, depend on soil-fertility, or on paying crops and his farm management, so too, in the village its best life demands prosperous stores and shops, with school and church maintained by a well-to-do people. The parson, as a true churchman, will be seen at all the farmers' institutes, not perhaps as *primus inter pares,* but as an equal among equals, known to be posted in matters of experimental agriculture and dairy-development.

In no other respect is the country churches opportunity for initiative and influence more to the point than in its apostleship of the good roads movement. Its minister needs all his nerve, and muscle to boot, to lift on the stuck-in-the-mud farmer community whose road work as possible in their own districts. Illinois, we are told, is the backward state of the Union in the up-keep of rural roads. Men will do for pleasure in auto riding what they refuse to do for heavy hauling. But anyone can see that a country church whose services are attended by people within "a team drive," say from one to seven miles, is directly interested in a local campaign to construct good roads. State Highway Engineer Gearhart, of Kansas, reports that on one day last fall 1,500 farmers, with 200 teams, turned out and built twenty miles of good road between two cities. Bridges and culverts had previously been put in and the route staked out, so that a single day's roadwork finished the job. This is a swift bringing prophecy to pass through, the casting up of a highway for the Lord's progress so that returning exiles may go to church.

Then there is opportunity for church leadership or initiative to lead off in securing a consolidated public school where conditions render this possible. As it is, poor country schools and inadequate teaching drive crowds of rural children into city schools to get any thing like the education needed, and then this is not the schooling needed for country boys and girls. In the 40's and 50,s Roscoe, Ill., had its Academy to which the pupils came from a distance. Child welfare ministry and medical examination of children in rural schools are needed fully as much as by town pupils.

6. One large field for leadership, which happily is being entered and occupied in several rural regions east and west is the all-the-year round programs of some churches. This is a new sort of Christian year idea. It is the community year; its plan is for churches to magnify the all-the-year round interests of their respective towns. It is the effort to have frequent round-ups of all the social combinations of townshipwide constituency. As a basis and center of operations there may be a Town Improvement Association. This organization adopts its five-years-outline of village and rural improvements, a scheme of things which requires united interest and fullest co-operation to carry through. One aim is to have the whole country side get together for a Washington's birthday supper, and on Fourth of July, and for its Fall Fair Festival. Take the latter; all the district schools within a long "team drive" are enlisted in this grand all-day jollification at the small hamlet where the two churches stand. First comes a forenoon street parade composed of school "floats" and band-wagon and automobiles and farmers' exhibits and out-fits, a long nondescript procession; this followed by a noon open air barbecue and lawn-picnic a thousand people or more. An out-of-door program or brief address on community welfare and progress, spiced by music, is another feature. Other adjuncts are exhibits of domestic arts at the town hall, also live-stock and poultry shows, winding up with a baseball game.

7. The one crucial opportunity for leadership through the rural church is to cherish and manifest the spirit of unity and co-operation both ecclesiastical and in everyday concerns. Country-life service is seriously handicapped unless the local church is looked to as the community's center. This necessitates diversified ministry through its church-house, i. e., its building made hospitable toward all wholesome or-

to all men, spending themselves and being spent for the gospel's sake and the people's sake. The Christly sacrificial spirit must reign and act through all. If, unhappily, a rural neighborhood and little village has two or more churches, it requires very strong leadership to effect a union or federation for worship and to do all their work as one congregation. Both the religions and the secular prosperity of any rural locality depends on unification of all its moral and social elements. Regular church meetings of the social mass, where mutual ideals, a mutual program, and mutual operations are treated of at Sunday services, are indispensible to church leadership. Suppose there were no weekly Sunday, no open church, what a loss socially, what a blight on community life. This is all the more evident seeing that necessarily the chief concerns of a village and its countryside belong to a homogeneous population, one having its needs met by a primitive variety of business and services with but a limited division of labor. But this similarity of population is the very thing that is being destroyed. Present tendencies to local disintegration of social elements in farming districts are increasing and irresistible. Native American farmers during twenty years past have been selling their patrimonies. Foreigners buy in. Their families coalesce with the original neighborhood society very slowly, if ever. What is even more destructive to social integration and satisfactory country life is the farmer-tenant-system on short term leases. Scarcely ever do these irregular livers on the soil enter into the intimate and higher life of their transient localities. It is not because these "marginal people" are not looked after by the church and pastor, for our efforts to homogenate them are toilsome. But they always look the other way, being transients having no ties and bonds of loyalty to unite them with their social environment. Such being the situation, it is plain that our depleted church-forces must get together, shoulder close up ranks, this in order to set out upon a well-developed policy of holding our own and of assimilating these new strange additions to our common life.

Happily a fair start toward a good understanding among leading denominations looms up at this crisis in rural evolution. Superintendents of home missions are aiming at country-wide co-operation among local churches. Churches exist for the people, and their religious leadership is tested by popular efficiency. The things now lying waste in any rural community are almost beyond number. The things going to waste are even more. The most prodigal of all wastes is the crowd of farmer and village boys and girls, many of them dull, vacuous, aimless, illiterate in the lowest sense, i. e., strangers to worthy literature, ignorant of local values in rural life, a life they despise. Many a village child nourishes the conceit that a big town is the only place where life is worth living. The other day a mother with two infants, herself a mere girl and ignorant to the last degree, was overheard talking with a still younger girl in the village post office. Both agreed that to live in the community is an unbearable bore. The mother said: "Ther's nothin' doin' in a small place. I'd rather live in a big town, for there you can go to the 'shows.'" How to replace the poor, shoddy city-life ideal is a big problem for the rural church. Its obligation of leadership is in this. A county school superintendent through the district school and farmers' institutes. They stimulate boys to prize corn-raising with the prospect of a fortnight spent at the state agricultural college, or a sight-seeing trip to Washington. A church has its opportunity to foster all these farmer club facilities and aspirations.

Enough has been offered to show that opportunities for leadership through the rural church are thick as blackberries in the woods. At the present the saddest fact about the rural churches is that many of them are in the condition of the "deserted village" described in Goldsmith's poem. The new regime in country life presents the possibility of a community church having all the people once a week at least in one place for one good object which all strive for together seeking one another's largest welfare. This has in it the promise and potency of re-constructing American country life. Such a consumation would go far to purify the vital springs supplying that constant municipal increase drawn from rural places, while it would also do the utmost for the conservation of national resources, chiefest of which is the human.

Summary.

1. Community and church welfare go hand in hand. The chief concern and end is community interests, a social salvation through saved souls. The church is servant of God to work out this common salvation.

2. Community-thinking and church-feeling must be adequately programmed.

3. A permanent or continuous pastorate is essential to community and parish planning.

4. The country parson has a far look ahead to that ideal religious and social standard of prosperous, pleasant country-life which holds its own against city-life, but he sees and seizes his first opportunity, albeit a trifling one, to lead off with mass-movement so to gain mass-momentum.

5. Nothing of benefit to men and the community is indifferent to the rural church. Its business is service, its satisfaction is doing good in co-operation with all social forces. Its leading spirits can be counted on for leadership in schools, in road-building, in country beautification, hoping ever to attain the ideal in moral, intellectual and spiritual unification.

Further efforts on the part of a country-parish minister would lead him along the line of rural sanitation, to make a health-survey and introduce sanitary inspection of barns and premises, inspection of dairy herds, and the application of the milk test.

He would agitate in favor of having an official school visitor and truant officer for the whole town.

Knowing, as he does, the excessive outlay on funerals and often fatal exposure connected with burials, knowing the extortionate charges by undertakers for their services covered under immoderate prices for coffins, the minister would try to organize a protective burial club in his own community, and, in his church, would have a league of compassion, whose service should be to lead rural sentiment in support of simple, inexpensive funerals, setting their faces against the ruling fashion of public exposure of a corpse.

Life, with all it yields of joy or woe,

More Friends for the Negro

The fourth annual meeting of the National Association for the advancement of colored people took place on April 28-30, and was a very notable occasion. The conference opened on Sunday evening at Sinai Temple, with Miss Jane Addams in the chair and Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard for the principal speaker, followed by Prof. Spingarn from New York and by Mr. William Pickens, whose recent little volume telling his life story of a successful rise from impoverished boyhood restricted on every side by racial and other bonds has already been mentioned in UNITY. Mr. Villard is nobly fulfilling the traditions of his family and is as tirelessly devoted to the cause of the black man to-day as his grandfather was in the fifties.

He told the story of the many ills and hardships which the Negro still suffers through the race prejudice which is our worst national sin, and explained the purposes of the organization. Mr. Pickens made an earnest appeal for his race, its serious tone lit up from time to time with humorous anecdote, reminding of the manner of Booker Washington.

The remaining sessions were held in Handel Hall, and were attended by large, often overflowing audiences. Monday afternoon, Prof. DuBois, chairman of the Publicity Department, gave a picture talk illustrating the different ways in which the white and colored children of the South live and are educated, showing the sharp contrast between the educational and industrial facilities offered to the two races. Prof. DuBois also spoke during his stay in the city at the Men's City Club and on the platform of the Ethical Culture Society.

Bishop Lee of the A. M. E. Church, presided over the Monday evening session. C. E. Rubinow of Russia drew a comparison between race conditions in his own land and in the United States, with a sorry showing for both. Charles Edward Russell gave a sharp and humorous phillipic against the inconsistencies, follies and crimes arising from race hostility for which we as a nation stand condemned before the world. The strong sane word was spoken by Prof. H. T. Kealing, who was heard in Chicago a few years ago at the Religious Education Society. Mr. Kealing is editor of the A. M. E. Review and president of Western University, Quindare, Kansas.

Tuesday morning was given to a business session, the afternoon to a reception at Hull House, with a brief informal program consisting of songs, a short address on "Democracy at the Near End," by Mrs. Woolley, and a benedictory greeting and word of counsel from Abdul Baha, who was present also for a few minutes at the evening session. Dr. Hirsch presided at the closing meeting, the speakers being Miss Anna Jones of Kansas City, B. F. Riley of Alabama, author of "The White Man's Burden;" Mrs. Ida Wells Barnett and Mr. Julius Rosenwald.

The conference was treated with unusual attention by the city press, each of the leading papers printing an editorial calling attention to the occasion in a friendly and commendatory tone.

As was to be expected the large audiences numbered altogether too small and disappointing a proportion of white hearers. It is white people who are most responsible for the cruel and perverted sentiment that prevails among us on this subject. The Negro's progress cannot be accomplished by himself alone. The greatest need of the hour lies in a more friendly environment, a stronger sense of justice, a determination, other things being equal, to give the Negro as good opportunities as any other class receives, to judge and measure him as a man, irrespective of color or previous condition.

CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY.

Summer Reading

You cannot possibly afford to overlook Mr. La-Follette's Autobiography in the American Magazine. We shall need this man, and we must live so far above party clannishness that we can welcome him. We need William J. Bryan also in a sense outside of party lines. A new sort of American man is being created, and the people are growing very impatient with cowardice and weakness. Our political leaders and leaders of all sorts will find this out very soon. No man need stand as a candidate for high office with the American people hereafter who has not pluck and foresight. It is the progressive that will rule. New ideas and new methods are at the front.

The Technical World Magazine is one that you should put in your boys' and girls' hands by the time they are eight years old. Let them grow up in the atmosphere of industrialism, and learn that hereafter he is the best man who can do something, not he who can prate a good deal about what somebody else did five thousand years ago.

The May Outing is a model magazine, and I am delighted to say it is a model for the family. It has sloughed off the crude elementary methods in vogue under previous editors. In Science you will find in the April numbers two remarkable articles, one of them by Prof. Webber on The Science of Breeding. Everyone engaged in horticulture or in animal culture should study such articles with avidity. We must get the element of chance more completely out of our work, and we must make our gardens and our stables nurseries of higher intelligence. A thoroughly good new apple, like the McIntosh Red, is a triumph of mind, just as much as the Morgan horse and the collie dog are an alliance of mind and matter. There are Bacons and Shakespeares in our plum yards and our gooseberry gardens. The other article to which I refer is by Prof. Keyser, on The Humanization of the Teaching of Mathematics. We are rapidly getting to a time when mathematics can express poetic conceptions and spiritual uplift in common language.

E. P. POWELL.

Ah, that brave
Bounty of poets, the one royal race
That ever was, or will be, in the world!
They give no gift that bounds itself and ends
I' the giving and the taking: their's so breeds
I' the heart and soul o' the taker, so transmutes
The man who only was a man before,
That he grows godlike in his turn, can give—
He also; share the poet's privilege,
Bring forth new good, new beauty, from the old.

—*Balaustion's Adventure.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

WHAT PUBLIC SCHOOL MEN CAN DO

(Continued from last week)

But, it may be objected, every one is not fitted for, or desirous of, public life. For such there is the large sphere of philanthropic and charitable effort, often doing pioneer work in carrying on experiments which are afterwards adopted by the local authorities. This demands unlimited human endeavor, for it is not money alone that is needed, but often rather patient drugery on obscure committees, investigating, perhaps, the causes of individual breakdown, and advising wisely after careful and searching consideration of all the circuzmstances. And for those, again, who prefer to be independent of all restraint, there are enough isolated victims of personal oppression only to be dealt with or relieved by drastic personal action, impossible for anyone holding an official position in political or social organizations. Under existing conditions, the unscrupulous landlord, debt-collector, or employer can exercise abominable tyranny over the poor. What would not be the value of a few men whose social position, placing them above suspicion of self-advertisement, would act as free-lances in the exposure of such trranny—men to interview the employer, who, fined by the magistrates for a breach of the Factory Acts, resulting in a serious accident, revenges himself on his workpeople by discharging all who could be suspected of informing the factory inspector; men to remonstrate with the landlord who threatens a penniless widow in arrears with her rent, "that if she is not out of the house by Friday, he will take steps to have her old age pension stopped"; or the debt-collector who tells the wife of a chronic invalid that she need not appear in court, and in consequence fraudulently obtains by default of attendance an order of commitment to prison. For none of these cases is there any possibility of legal redress, and yet a man who ran the risk of a libel action in exposing such things would be rendering a public service which could not be too highly appreciated.

Now, to sketch in the part that the Agenda Club might "play in this game."

In the first place, without overlapping, or entering into competition with the educational propaganda on social questions at present carried on in public schools and the universities, the Agenda Club might, so far as possible, co-ordinate it and take steps to fill up any existing gaps. It might also ascertain that in every school and college there are one or more masters or dons who have grasped the necessity for the public school spirit in national life. It might be the aim of the club that no one left school or college without realizing the importance of further social education. Casual conversations with undergraduates have revealed the fact that a large percentage go down from the universities either to enter luke-warmly some profession chosen for them by their parents, or indifferently to wait and see "what may turn up." It should be one of the supreme functions of the club to ensure that no possible recruit for social work should come to a decision without having had the hard facts of life driven home to him by personal and direct contact with working-class men and women. The almost exaggerated diffidence, the fear of notoriety, the horror for anything approaching priggishness, invaluable as they are as correctives to youthful egotism, must not be allowed to stand in the way of human experience. All over England, however, there are men and women who have come through this difficult stage, and, having themselves gained the necessary knowledge, can sympathetically guide others along the most suitable lines.

By its national machinery, the Agenda Club could put every young man with any undeveloped interest in social work into touch with an experienced member of the club, who in a friendly way could direct his energies appropriately. Obviously the man who in course of time would become a partner in a large business firm would require different treatment from that given to one reading for the bar, or about to take orders. The primary aim should be to break down conventional class distinctions, preferably through one of the recognized channels of social experience, such as a Settlement or a Lads' Club, or work for a Charity Organization Society or a Giuld of Help. For most, Lads' Club work appears eminently suitable as a preliminary; it requires qualifications which even the most diffident undergraduate can hardly deny he possesses—a knowledge of football, cricket, billiards, chess or draughts, or the elements of drill and scouting learnt in the Officers' Training Corps, or, as a last resource, the piano accompaniment of the latest music-hall success. But whatever his special line may be, he will be brought into intimate relations with boys of another class at an age when their confidence is easily secured, and under conditions in which his own superior economic and social position will be least considered. He will be able to form frank friendships which will destroy in a few weeks the distinction he had previously drawn between 'Varsity and Townee. From his acquaintance with the boys, he will soon be introduced to their parents, and as he sees them in their daily lives and under natural conditions, he will understand once and for all the claims of our common humanity. In whatever way this lesson is learned, he will never forget it, but will carry it through his future life, and will find without difficulty opportunities for realizing his ideal of playing the game as between class and class.

In addition to all this, the Agenda Club might organize throughout the country informal groups of members, men and women already engaged in social work, and representing every school of thought and every grade of society. These groups could, without much effort, survey the local conditions and estimate the needs of all branches of public, charitable, or private social work. They would naturally attract and absorb all new recruits, and would be in a position to indicate the ways in which the latter could best use their several abilities in connection with work already being done. The national headquarters would be the inspiring force of each group, suggesting, by means of a definite "agendum," some line of action, and linking up the whole. In the governing body would be concentrated the enthusiasm of the component parts, moulding it to a coherent policy, and, by judicious encouragement and direction, would open up to every member of the club the opportunity of rendering that special service for which he is most fitted. It should thus in course of time co-ordinate and stimulate all social endeavor throughout the country.

It may be objected that these outlines contribute little of value to a practical program, for the temptation is always strong to make to the general public a widespread appeal which will meet with a large, but temporary, response. It is the writer's opinion that no effective national campaign can be successfully carried through without a long and slow process of minute organization. The greatest common measure of agreement which would secure the support of all who are quickened with the Agenda spirit must necessarily be vague in its details, and the individual must be left

to work out the letter in his own surroundings, in his own way. The idea contains elements vital to our existing social conditions, and its own strength ensures its victory. Those who are most sympathetic realize this the more deeply because of the strengthening and renewing of their faith by the inspiration of the Open Letter.—*S. P. Grundy, General Secretary, Manchester City League of Help. From the Hebbert Journal.*
Manchester.

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Who is the Christ that is to be?
Where can we look to find his trace?
When will our hearts and souls be free
To hear his voice and see his face?

Not in Kings' houses is he found,
Soft raiment he will never wear;
Nor in those stormy shouts that sound
"Lo, here is Christ! Lo, Christ is there!"

We know him better than of old;
He stands before us clear and bright,
As time unravels, fold on fold,
The myths that veiled him from our sight.

Come, then, New Time, and make us wise,
Come and reveal the Christ that *is;*
Reveal it as our highest prize
That he is ours and we are his.

Come and perfect us in his love;
Open our inward eyes to see
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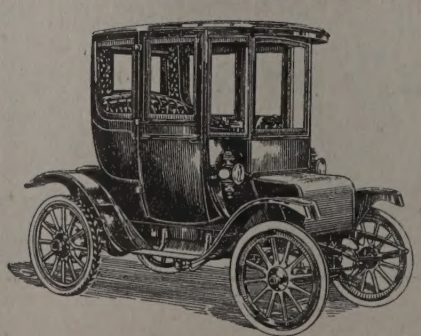

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